

THE LATEST IN BEARDS.

Fashion Declares Against the Pointed Style.

An Authority Gives some Historical Points on the subject - The Square-Trimmed Beard is turning out to be the one to favor.

It has been decreed by the artistic leaders of Paris that the pointed beard which has for so long a time held popular favor, is no longer the thing of fashion that it was.

"The pointed beard," he said, "has certain advantages over all others, and that is the reason why it has been so popular. It is a style of beard that was invented by King Henry III. of France.

"It is a peculiar fact that the adoption of this style after disabing the other is a repetition of history. After Henry III. had made the pointed beard so fashionable, the Duc de Guise introduced the present beard.

"There is another reason for the popularity of the pointed beard which Mr. Fougol did not refer to. That is, the fact that it assists the busy man in reflection.

"The square beard which is divided in the center continues to hold favor with those gentlemen who do not feel that their faces will be ruined by shaving any other.

"When we were boys the girls used to stay at home and darn our socks and knit our mittens.

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The Cambria Freeman, EBENSBURG, PENN'A.

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THE USE OF QUININE.

Its Effects on the Human System When Properly Taken.

A clear-eyed, re-ensured man with tears running down his cheeks walked into a New York pharmacy the other day and said:

"I was thirty grains of quinine." The druggist looked at him sharply and then went away to fill the order.

"That boy," said the bleary-eyed man, "has swallowed half a dozen little white pellets and walked out."

"The effects of a large dose of quinine frequently produce delirium similar to that caused by alcoholic stimulants.

Recently the New York Sun printed a dispatch from Ning Sing about a fifteen-year-old girl who had been crazed by the drug.

"There is no doubt that the effects of a large dose of quinine are sometimes serious," said a physician to the Sun reporter, "and I must repeat that in particular."

It was during my service in Bellevue. A man was brought to the hospital and placed in the cells where patients suffering from delirium tremens are kept.

There were some peculiar features about the case, and after an examination we next laid the man under the knife.

He acted like a crazy man. After a few hours of treatment he became quiet, and when the delirium had passed he was found as if he were a person suffering from alcoholic delirium.

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WEAK NERVES

At the Result of a Wound a Soldier's Mind Remains a Blank for Eight Years.

A very romantic story has just been brought to light through the medium of the Pension Bureau, says the Philadelphia Record.

On the 1st of September, 1862, he enlisted at Van Wert, O., in the Fifty-fourth Ohio Volunteer Infantry.

A slender, blue-eyed youth of twenty named Hugh Thompson. At the battle of Chickamauga Thompson was wounded by a case shot and left for dying on the field.

He never rejoined his regiment and it was generally supposed that he was numbered among the unknown dead. Thompson's name in this strange history opens a snowy country road in northern Illinois, near the village of Cleveland, in the winter of 1870.

It was a small, shabby, two-story, sturdy built traveler dressed his way against the keen winds that swept the bleak prairie.

He carried an old-fashioned oil-cloth valise, and appeared to be looking for a place to stay over night. And there on the lonely road in the darkening twilight of that freezing February evening in the year of grace, 1870, Hugh Thompson, the wounded soldier of Chickamauga, came to himself, as he expressed it, "It was just as if that moment he had awakened from a dreamless sleep of seven years."

His memory was gone, and he was totally ignorant of his own name. The only thing that connected him with a former existence was an idea that he was looking for Mr. Dalton, who he remembered the scenes of his boyhood.

The case was so remarkable that it was taken up by the local papers, and the story at last fell into the hands of Thompson's father. Their relationship was easily established. Through all his wanderings and that of a day-dreamer, but the incident was legally proved and forms part of the evidence of his identity.

He carried a Testament given to him by a sister, with an inscription in rhyme, which he carried. The sister still living recognized it as one which he exhibited, when his return. All his efforts have failed to result to him any thing that occurred from the time that he tumbled over on the bloody field of Chickamauga until the strange awakening of his dormant faculties in 1870.

AN HEROIC DEED.

How a Father Saved His Family from the Claws of a Wolf.

A gentleman passed through the city the other day on his way to Exeter Springs, whose name three or four years ago was one of the most powerful in the daily press of that day, says the Kansas City Times.

It was Mr. John T. Shy, of DeWitt, N. M., whose deeds of heroism in saving his wife and family from massacre by a band of savage Apaches after a running fight of several miles will ever make his name a conspicuous one in the history of the West.

Mr. Shy had settled on a ranch in New Mexico with his wife and young son, their place being seventy miles from any other settlement. The ranch was attacked by a roving band of eight or ten Apaches, who sought to drive off the stock.

Mr. Shy, who was well armed, and had plenty of ammunition, placed his wife and child in a place of safety within the house, and then opened fire, which was returned. The fight was waged for some time, till one of the Indians succeeded in crawling up to and shooting fire to the house.

This necessitated flight, so sending Mrs. Shy forward under the smoke of the burning building, the husband and father, carrying his young son under his arm, made a dash for the cover of some thick brush which was growing near by.

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Wanted.

Wanted.

Wanted.

YESTER NO.

A grateful girl at a window stood, gazing after at the departing train.

Demanded an answer, yes or no, my dear, I must play my part.

My mission of love, at her heart, she aimed her arrow at her breast.

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